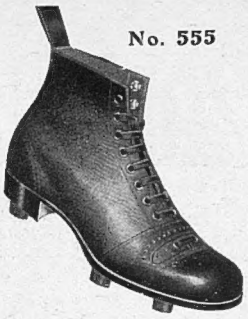
PHAT PHEET

No. 555



FOR SCHOOL AND SPORT

—as for every other time and purpose— there are perfect Phat-Pheet and Nealson models—Boots, Shoes, and Slippers for Outdoor, Indoor and Sport—each so perfect that we despair of improvement.

No. 555 is the "Nealson" Football Boot—as perfect a Sports Boot as can be fashioned. It has been remodelled for Season 1914 and carries several improvements based on expert International advice. POST FREE PRICES :—11, 7/-; 11½-13, 7/6; 13½-2, 8/-; 2½-4, 8/9; 4½, 9/-; 5-6, 9/9.

GOODS sent on approval for London Trade Reference or cash. Fully Illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free on request.

Dept. 18, 126, Kensington High Street, W.

Daniel Neal

& SONS LIMITED

Fitting Rooms at 124, Kensington High Street, W.; and at 68-70 Edgware Road, W.

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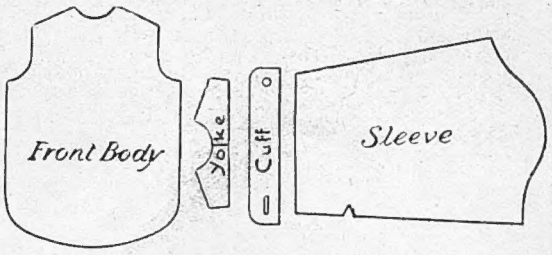
Shoolbred's

FLANNEL SHIRTS FOR THE ARMY

Cut Out and Ready for Making



To assist Ladies who desire to render help in this form we offer UNMADE strong Flannel Shirts especially suitable for the purpose. Each Shirt is "CUT-OUT" all ready for making up, with a set of Buttons and a "made" neckband; while with each is supplied a "FORM" giving the fullest information for making up.

3/6 and **4/6** each.

FOR OTHER SHIRTS, NIGHTSHIRTS, BEDJACKETS, &c., PLEASE SEND FOR *Special List of Red Cross Requirements.* *Now ready and sent Post Free.*

Post Orders executed promptly.

Carriage paid anywhere in United Kingdom.

Telephone: Museum 4000. Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Interesting to Advertisers

WHAT ONE OF OUR ADVERTISERS SAY.

Hurdles, Ltd.,
Station Place, Letchworth.

The Advertisement Manager,
"The Bystander."

September 17th, 1914.

Dear Sir,

Thanks for your valuable comment in current week's issue. Results are fully justifying our having kept on with adverts, and we feel sure if a few more Advertisers had "stuck to their guns" it would have been better all round. They lose sight of the fact that with FEWER *adverts inserted their own receive a greater publicity and consequently an enhanced value.*

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. E. C. HAIGH.

The letter can be seen at "The Bystander" offices, and is an excellent comment on the value of present-day advertising in our columns.

ADVERTISERS SHOULD FOLLOW THIS LEAD

EVENING SHIRTS.

A dress shirt should be as carefully chosen as a dress suit, otherwise the former will make the vest of the latter set badly which in turn will effect the hanging of the coat.

Our shirts will be found to give every satisfaction and are made in two qualities.

Matchless Dress Shirt at 5/11
and Imperial Dress Shirt at 7/11

Both are made with 4-fold all linen front and cuffs, and bodies of long cloth, opening in front with 1, 2 or 3 stud holes.

CASTLE COLLARS

at 5/11 per dozen. Postage 3d. extra. Or a better quality hand button holed "Royal" Brand at 7/11 per dozen. Postage 3d. extra.

MONOGRAM HANDKERCHIEFS

13/11 per dozen. Postage 3d. extra. About 19½in. square with 2in. hem and 1in. monogram, any combination of 2 letters.

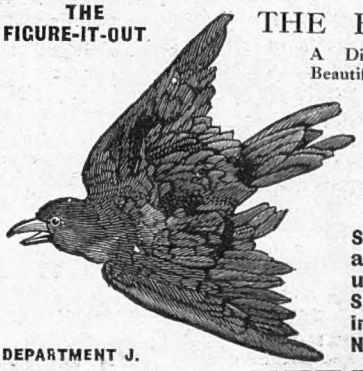
Price List on application

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

44T Donegall Place BELFAST.

NEW JIG-SAW PUZZLES

THE FIGURE-IT-OUT



THE BLUE BIRD

A Difficult Puzzle. Beautifully Coloured.

75 pieces 2/. postage 2d.
200 ,, 5/- ,, 4d.

List of Jig-Saw Puzzles free by post.

Special discount off all Puzzles sold for use of Wounded Sailors and Soldiers in Hospitals and Nursing Homes.

DEPARTMENT J.

HOLTZAPFFEL & Co.

53, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W. Telephone: 6636 Gerrard

D. H. EVANS. & Co. LTD.
Oxford St London W.

A NEW READY-TO-WEAR HAT

OF VELOUR-FINISHED FELT

In Black and all Colours, trimmed self or contrasting Shade of Corded Ribbon and Plumage Mount.

Price **7/11**. *Carriage Paid.*

A New Department for Ladies' Hairdressing, Manicure and Chiropody is now open.

To AMERICAN LADIES & Others who are unable to visit PARIS

The London Corset Co., Ltd., beg to announce that just before the pronouncement of WAR they received a large consignment of the very last French Corsets from Paris, which they are selling without any rise in price; but would respectfully advise an early purchase, as their stock is not inexhaustible.

For cash payments a discount of 1/- in the £1 is allowed.

Prices from **25/.** upwards.

Corset Belt of the finest elastic (see illustration). This belt gives the utmost freedom to the lungs and abdomen and at the same time produces a figure which is the acme of grace

Price **£3 13 6**

EVERY CORSET MADE IN PARIS.

THE LONDON CORSET CO., LTD.,
11, HANOVER STREET, W.

Shoolbred's

Blouse Novelties

746.
SMART BLACK FANCY NET BLOUSE lined throughout net. Fastening in front, with small Black Satin Vest. Studded buttons, Roll Collar and Raglan Sleeves.

17/9 (o.s. 19/6)

398.
DAINTY ECRU NET BLOUSE lined net. Trimmed Valenciennes Lace Insertion, and tucks back and front. High collar band and yoke of plain net, finished with a beading.

16/9 (o.s. 18/9)

198.
SMART ECRU NET BLOUSE, lined fancy net, long shoulder effect, a small waistcoat of tucked net and Valenciennes Lace Insertion. High collar band of Lace with turn back points.

13/9 (o.s. 15/9)

Sent "Carriage Paid" anywhere in the United Kingdom.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

The Bystander, September 23, 1914.—No. 564. Vol. XLIII.

The BYSTANDER

CHECK!

What is the Next Move?

A photograph of the Kaiser, in an attitude of perplexity, taken some years ago on his yacht at Kiel, which seems particularly suitable for reproduction at the present moment

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "The Cosmopolitan Club of the World." "EUROPE" Patriotic Spectacular Divertissement. Special Variety Programme. War Pictures, &c. Evenings at 8.30. Tel. Ger. 3527. Manager, OSCAR BARRETT, Jun.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. Miss GERTIE MILLAR, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, M. THEODORE KOSLOFF, & IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET, BRITISH OPERATIC CHORUS, Maidie Scott. 6d. to 7s. 6d. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. Special WAR NEWS, "HULLO, TANGO!" VIOLET LORAINE, BERTIE WRIGHT, JACK NORWORTH, WILLIAM FULLBROOK, MORRIS HARVEY, DE BUSSE. Tel. 650 Ger.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER. Every Evening at 8. First Matinée, Saturday next, at 2.30. "THOSE WHO SIT IN JUDGMENT." By MICHAEL ORME. GEORGE ALEXANDER. HENRIETTA WATSON.

CHARITIES.

CHURCH ARMY WAR HOSPITAL

Hon. Adviser—SIR RICKMAN GODLEE, Bart.

Hon. Secretary—LADY BAGOT, R.R.C. (Organiser of the Portland Hospital in the South African War).

This Hospital has been equipped and organised by the Church Army and sent out, with the sanction of St. John's Ambulance Brigade, to serve under the French Red Cross in the cause of the

Wounded of the Allied Forces

The Staff consists of ALFRED C. T. WOODWARD, Esq., M.B. Edin., F.R.C.S. Edin. & Eng.; FRANCIS GRAHAM CROOKSHANK, Esq., M.R.C.P., M.D. Lond.; ALLAN PIMM, Esq., M.R.C.S.; 2 dressers, a dispenser, 6 trained nurses and 14 orderlies, the last being Church Army evangelists holding the St. John's Ambulance Association Certificate.

Donations of upwards of £3,500 have already been given or promised. Further gifts towards the inevitably large expenses are earnestly requested.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," earmarked for "War Hospital," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, should be sent to the Church Army Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

War Comments

The Proposed "Draw"

HAVING failed to get for herself anything more than a drawn battle in France, Germany is generously willing, she says, to call the whole war a "draw." She is willing to consent to peace here and now provided that Germany herself is not dismembered. In this she certainly achieves a triumph of mystification. The offer is either honest or dishonest. In either case it is shameful.

***

What It Implies

If Germany wants peace now, on terms of the security only of her own skin, she confesses outright that she has lost a war into which she plunged for her own profit. She certainly did not go to war merely that she might be left alone, for nobody threatened her—not even the French, despite *revanche* talk. She went to war "on the make," believing that she would crush France so thoroughly and so swiftly that the French would gladly pay what indemnity she asked and leave her free, at her own time, to settle with Russia and Britain.

***

Austria in the Lurch

She has failed, and, faced with a really serious prospect of annihilation by land and sea, she sends out a semi-official wireless whine (viâ New York) that she is willing to cry quits. She cares not what happens to poor Austria, whom she lured to her undoing. The Habsburgs can be thrown to the wolves if only the good kind Allies will leave the Hohenzollerns alone.

***

Shuffling

Inglorious (is it not?), and therefore, I think, incredible. Such a confession of the failure of German mechanism, coming after only seven weeks of war, is to be regarded with the strongest suspicion. Probably it is only a throwing down of the cards prior to a reshuffling more to the German taste.

German Slimness

The seven weeks have served to put Germany morally in the wrong in the eyes of the whole world, both as to the reasons for which she made the war, and for the horrible way in which she has conducted it. "Very well," say the Germans, "we will write this War No. 1 off as a failure, while we prepare to make Wars Nos. 2, 3, 4 and the rest a success." Germany is willing to admit that she has *not* pulverised France, and, in effect, is willing to apologise to that gallant nation for having been mistaken. Once France is thus "squared" Germany will then hope to come to terms with Russia as to the sharing of the effects of the late lamented Austrians. That all satisfactorily settled, she sits down to deal the desired death-blow at the British Empire, which she has always coveted, and now more than ever detests.

***

Britain Not to be "Drawn"

Knowing this to be the German intention, Great Britain will *refuse* to regard the war as a "draw." It will go on until the Peace of Europe is placed on a stable basis—that is until the King of Prussia is compelled to sheathe his sabre, and to attach his signature to a number of scraps of paper, chief among them being an indemnity to the King of the Belgians, an extension of that monarch's territories, and the services of the German prisoners in France, Britain, and Russia in the rebuilding of Louvain, Termonde, and Dinant.

***

A Lost Opportunity

Sir Ernest Shackleton has decided to go not to the front but to the South Pole. It is a pity he did not make it the North Pole. His ice-breaking experiences might have been of real use in the event of any reinforcements of Archangels being needed in the winter.

One For Papa

THE KAISER (soliloquising): "Don't like this retiring—contrary to my nature! I feel that my place is in the East!"
KRONPRINZ WILHELM (overhearing): "Good idea!! Why not try Danzig for a time, papa?!!!"

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

The "Keep-Going" Problem

As to how far the rule "go on doing it" applies to pleasure is a natural cause of discussion in social—that is to say, in feminine—quarters. Against the application is the fact that the country *is* at war, and that thousands of families are in mourning. In favour of it is the fact that the employment of hundreds of thousands depends on the continuance of normal social life by those who can afford to lead it. What, therefore, is a non-combatant inhabitant of these isles to do?

***

Its Solution

Our own advice would be that each individual should do precisely as she (or he) feels like doing. If your mind is seriously preoccupied by the state of affairs, or if you are in mourning for a fallen relative or friend, wild horses probably will not draw you to a frivolous occupation. If, however, you're an optimist as to the war, and are not in mourning, there seems no reason why you should not do what you would do at ordinary times so far as the occupation of your leisure goes.

***

Where the B ybody Breaks Down

s , of course, b e
ers who are n he
of all the bodies, that
who have any spare
ne or money shou dev to the service
of their country or the r distress. Let me
suggest that the servic our country is not best promoted by your rushing in to do work for which you are totally unfitted, and thereby to deprive of it persons in need of employment who are qualified to do it. Important as is the relief of distress, is it not equally virtuous to prevent it, and is not that best done by your going about your ordinary life in the ordinary way, and enabling a country which has no use for your services on the battlefield to derive some benefit from them as a purchaser of trade wares and a patron of the arts?

Photograph *Central News*

BRIGADIER-GEN. N. D. FINDLAY, C.B.

Of the Royal Field Artillery. He was the first of our Generals killed in the War

"TOLL FOR THE BRAVE"

Photograph *Bassano*

LIEUT. PERCY WYNDHAM

Of the Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Rt. Hon. George Wyndham and Countess Grosvenor, killed near Soissons early last week

Photograph *Lafayette*

COLONEL SIR E. R. BRADFORD, BART.

Of the Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. His death was reported from headquarters on September 14

***

"Liveliness" in London

To do her justice, London seems, as a whole, to be in no doubt as to her attitude. She is undoubtedly the merriest capital in Europe, despite "lights out" and early closing. If a hundred thousand of our fellows in khaki are at the front, and hundreds of thousands of others are in camp, a goodly few of them seem to find time to visit (in new uniforms) the pleasure places. In so doing they give those places just the touch of colour, and—may I say?—swank that is needful for their attractiveness.

***

Mere Meddlesomeness

It has been suggested, rather impertinently, that Their Majesties should make a duty of visiting the theatres. To this I have one comment, and that is that Their Majesties' pleasures are Their Majesties' business.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Belgium in the Hands of the—Belgians

A REGIMENT OF BELGIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING DOWN WHAT IS LEFT OF THE MAIN STREET OF TERMONDE

THE STRAPPING SIZE OF THE [illegible]ANT BELLOWS WILL BE A REVELATION: ALSO THE NEW[illegible]QUIRED BELGIAN HABIT—PIPE-SMOKING SEE FIRST PICTURE [illegible]

The Prince and the Camera

I am told that the Prince of Wales is as keen as any youth in the land to go on to active service, and that he is unboundedly popular with his regiment, for his capacity to "stick out" drill and marches. True, the camera does not succeed in catching a smile very often on the Royal lips, but that may be quite as much the fault of the camera as of the Prince. If it never catches the Heir smiling, neither does it succeed in catching some people doing anything else.

* *
*

"K., I'm Afraid"

If the War Minister, in the Lords, roars as softly as any sucking-dove, he has lost none of his Spartan ideas of discipline in the affairs of war. Sudden appearances are quite the order of the day—and night. We happened to be at a barracks the other evening when an order came to turn out *en masse*. "That," said an officer, "means one of two things. Either a German airship or Kitchener." "Which do you think it'll be?" we asked. "K., I'm afraid," was the reply.

(*Continued on page 574*)

The Tragic Triangle

GERMANY'S DEFENSIVE POSITION—THE POLICY OF DESPAIR

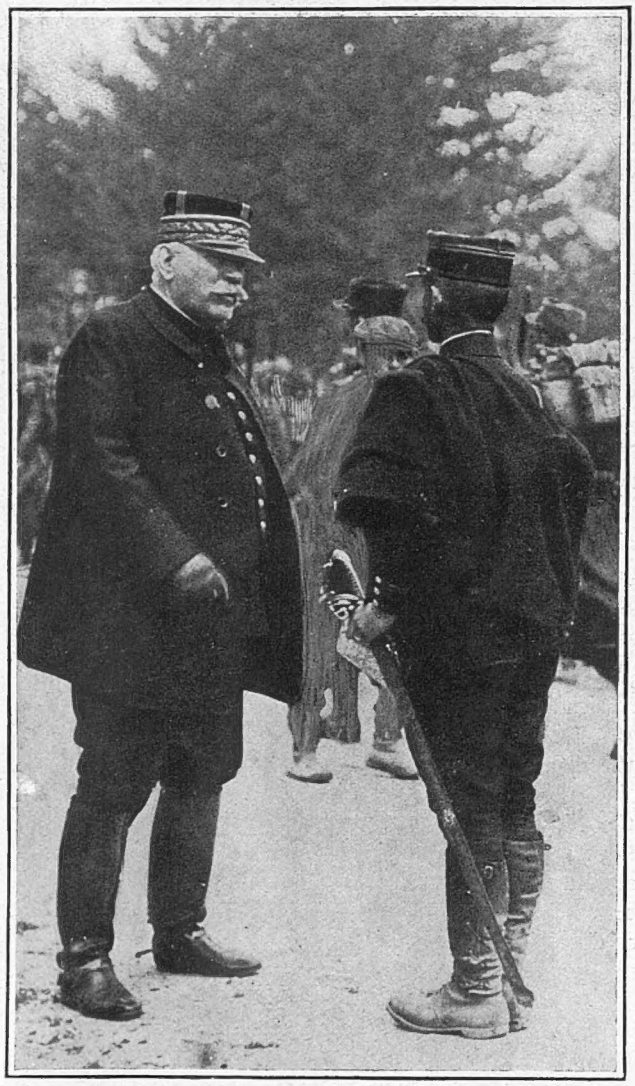
IF you are not tired of looking at war maps, pick up a good map of France and note how the rivers Aisne, Oise and Meuse make a rough triangle. Compiègne is at the apex, and from Hirson to the Argonne Forest makes the base line. Inside that triangle the German forces are being driven by the Allies, and as long as the enemy is on the defensive these river frontiers are welcome protection for him. But they may also make a prison.

The greater part of General von Kluck's army is already within the triangle, and by the capture of Soissons the Allies have secured an entry also. These two matters are very significant. For when the Germans are penned in with strong forces of Allies along the Oise and the Aisne, the lines of communication to Belgium can be cut by a powerful flanking force, and then Luxemburg will be the only emergency exit for the German armies north of Verdun. If they elect to attack they must win command of the rivers again.

The three rivers of the tragic triangle will flow red with blood ere the Germans are driven out, but out they must go. They are now desperate men playing a losing game. New enemies are rising against them. Autumn rains and the sharp sting of winter will soon be heralded; starvation in the ruined ports and industrial towns of Germany are raising grim spectres behind the Army, and from the East comes the ominous news of the Russian advance.

Germany is really in a dreadful condition, but never was she more dangerous, for her military rulers will now gamble more recklessly than ever before with the lives of their slaves. The campaign may take the turn of a suicidal onslaught of the Germans after they have recuperated; or there will be a stubborn and punishing retreat from the triangle through Luxemburg and to the Rhine.

Either action will be the mad policy of despair, and the Allies will take heart from it to visit the full punishment on Germany for her crimes. Far beyond the military developments of this war we are destined to see extraordinary social and economic changes, and the workings of these even now will affect the military situation.



THE MODERN FABIUS

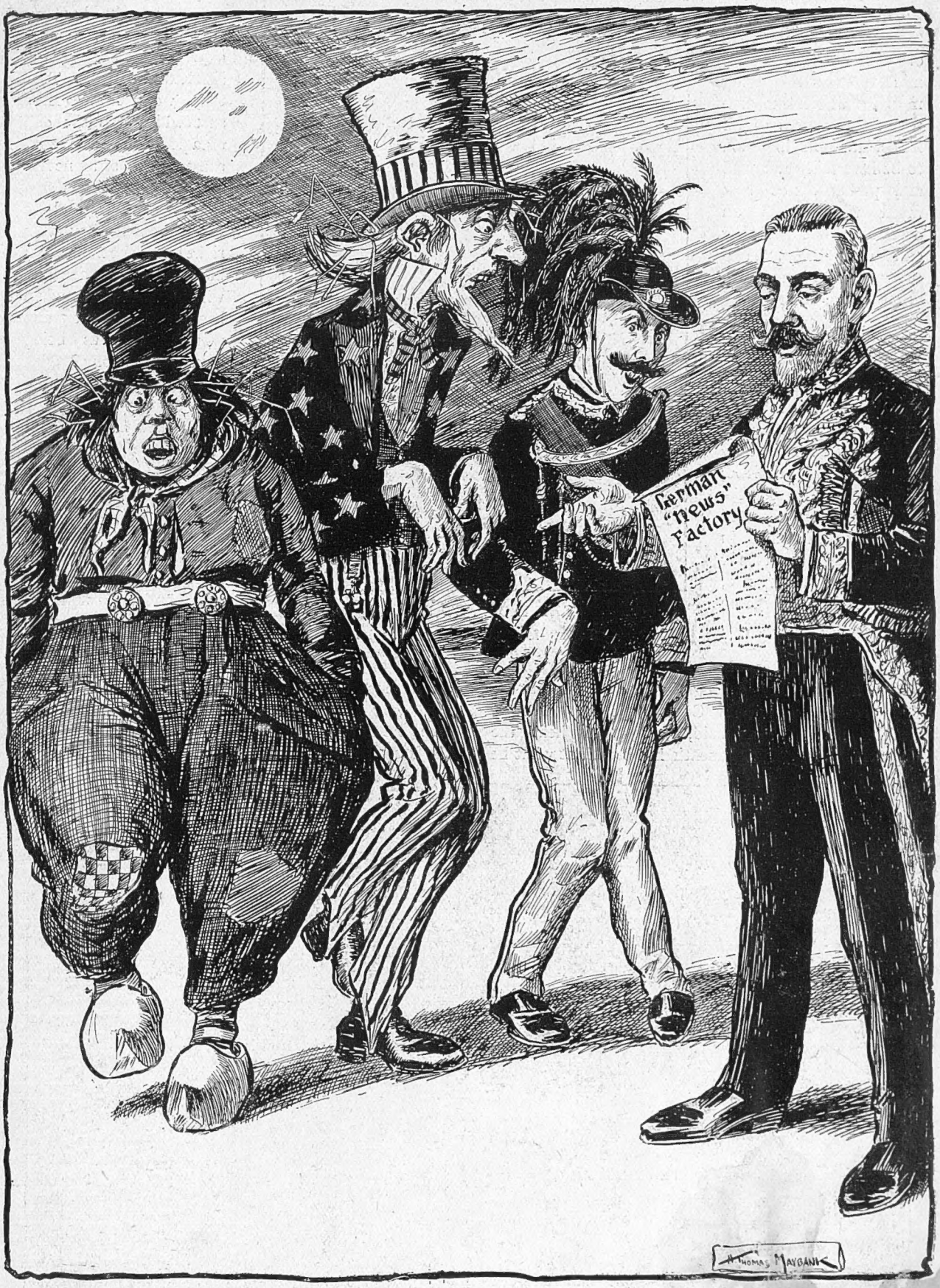
General Joffre's watchword, like that of his famous Roman prototype, is "Festina Lente." In this picture he finds time to chat with a subordinate officer on his way to the front

But at the present time, in looking at the incalculable suffering and loss which have been brought to northern and central France, one is amazed at the obsession of the military advisers who planned the defences of France after 1870. If only the chain forts from Belfort to Verdun had been continued to Lille or Dunkirk, the cost would not have been a tithe of the loss incurred already through the invasion viâ Belgium.

But the French always looked to Alsace-Lorraine as the German way of entry, whilst the Germans, with only a scrap of paper barring them, planned the Belgian route of attack.

However, things may turn out for the best. German treachery and tyranny have been exposed to the full, and a world-force greater than militarism has arisen to defend civilisation. The Allies will not be content with a drawn game now, and Germany's threat to mobilise her cats and dogs will not stave off ruin. The sands of destiny are running out: Hohenzollernism is doomed. Its fate may be sealed by the tragic red triangle of the three French rivers which now mark the battle area.

Men from The Moon



THE NEUTRAL POWERS AS THEY ARE REGARDED BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

"They think," says the 'New York World,' "that we have suddenly come from the moon"

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

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This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
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That They May Sleep Wakefully

Beds being taken into the side entrance of the Admiralty, so that its denizens may, when necessary, remain "on the spot" awaiting "indications of liveliness" in the North Sea—or elsewhere

It Tells Its Own Tale

Many of the doorsteps in the devastated town of Termonde were thus decorated. The picture, with its ruinous setting, tells a revolting tale of drunkenness and rapine

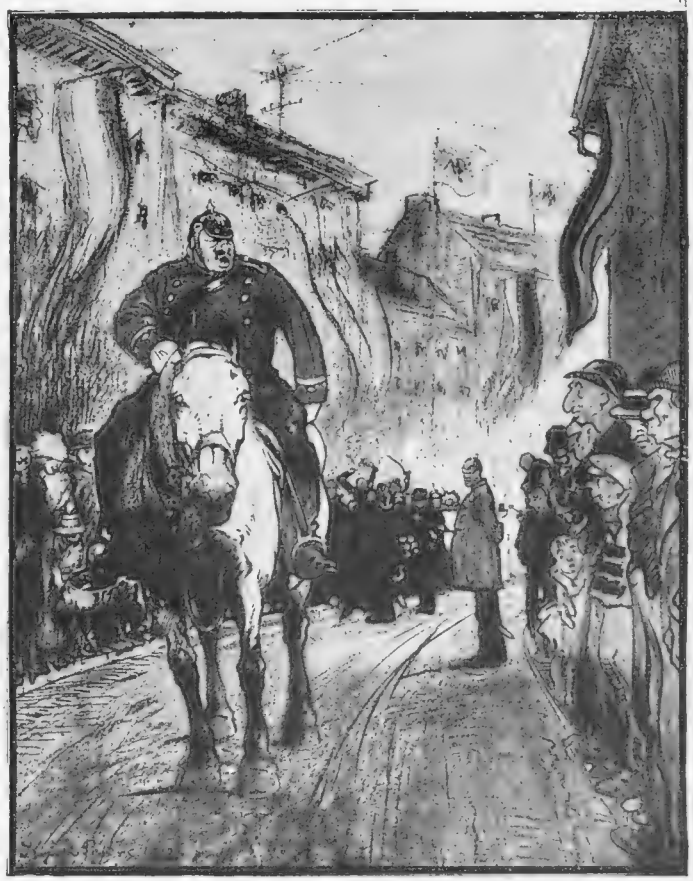
Can "Prussian Militarism" be Crushed?

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

NOW that we have found our military feet, and things seem to be going fairly well on the Continent (I write before the news of the issue of the Battle of the Aisne) we are beginning to talk rather big about our coming invasion of Germany.

Naturally enough! An Army which isn't prepared to invade an enemy, if it's got the chance, isn't worth its bread and jam. The Boers—some of them—quite believed they would find their way somehow to London. So is it quite right and proper that we English (with our Allies) should be thinking of our coming entry into Berlin, and of the delightful things we shall do to the Germans when we get there.

Visions of joy-rides *Unter den Linden*, carousals at the bier-hausen of the Friedrichstrasse, and loppings-off of statuarial limbs in the Tiergarten—all those are perfectly proper and healthy to entertain, and even if one doubts their realisation, one would say not one word to discourage them. There is even something to be said for those who talk of treating the Prussian capital as the Prussians treated Louvain. It may be impracticable talk; but it is healthy and human.



PRUSSIAN MILITARISM AS VIEWED IN BAVARIA
From "Jugend"

The people one would rather like to "draw," however, are not the fighters, but the philosophers, the non-combatant gentlemen who, in their corners in clubs and railway carriages and in the columns of the evening papers, talk of the dictation of peace in Berlin in terms which imply the "crushing for all time of Prussian militarism."

Now to crush Prussia and its temporary power to wage war is one thing. It may, and probably will be done, as it was done to Napoleon, and, if done thoroughly, the natural consequence will be that Prussia will not be *able*, for many years to come, again to "rattle the sabre" in the face of anybody. But to crush "Prussian militarism" is quite another matter. You cannot crush an "ism"—an abstract idea—in Prussia or anywhere else so long as there remains a single brain to give it lodging. The crushing of a military force no more kills "militarism" than the crushing of a nation kills its patriotism. On the contrary, the "ism" generally flourishes all the more as a consequence of material defeat.

Militarism having been the very origin of Prussia, and the very genius of her people, you can only kill it by the extermination of that people—which is absurd. Possibly Russia may have it in the back of her mind to inflict such a punishment on her neighbour; but I doubt if Britain and France will, when the time comes, take part in any such proceedings, because the complete conquest and subjugation of Germany by Russia would merely be the substitution of the militarism of Tsar Stork for that of Kaiser Log. Talk of crushing militarism in general is sound enough and sane enough, but to talk of crushing the militarism of one of the European peoples while leaving that of all the rest intact is illogical.

Judge the Prussians by our own standard. Suppose we lose the war—and there is still time for that to be possible—and the Invader declares that the time has come to crush English navalism. Suppose he crushes our navy, would any "scrap of paper" signed in London crush in the Englishmen who lived afterwards the desire and the intention once again to recapture the trident of the seas? Would such a recapture not be in the heart of every Briton that breathed, and would not British "navalism" only be re-born in the destruction of the British Navy?

Similarly with Prussia. Her militarism is to her precisely what our navalism is to us, something sacred and inseparable from the national soul, which can be defeated, but which cannot very well be crushed for all time. Is it not time, therefore, that we confined our zeal to the crushing of militarism in general? For Prussian militarism, after all, is only the militarism, in machine-made perfection, of a Power whom past success has afflicted with swollen head. Reduce the swelling by the chastening effect of defeat, prove the machine to be inferior to the mind, and Prussian militarism, taking a place in the world that will be rid for awhile of its pre-eminence, ceases to be any more objectionable than any other kind. Having tasted *defeat*, having aroused, by the Belgian atrocities, the horror of the whole civilised world, and made the name of German symbolical of ruthlessness and inhumanity, will not

the Germans themselves do any crushing of Prussia that it may be possible to do?

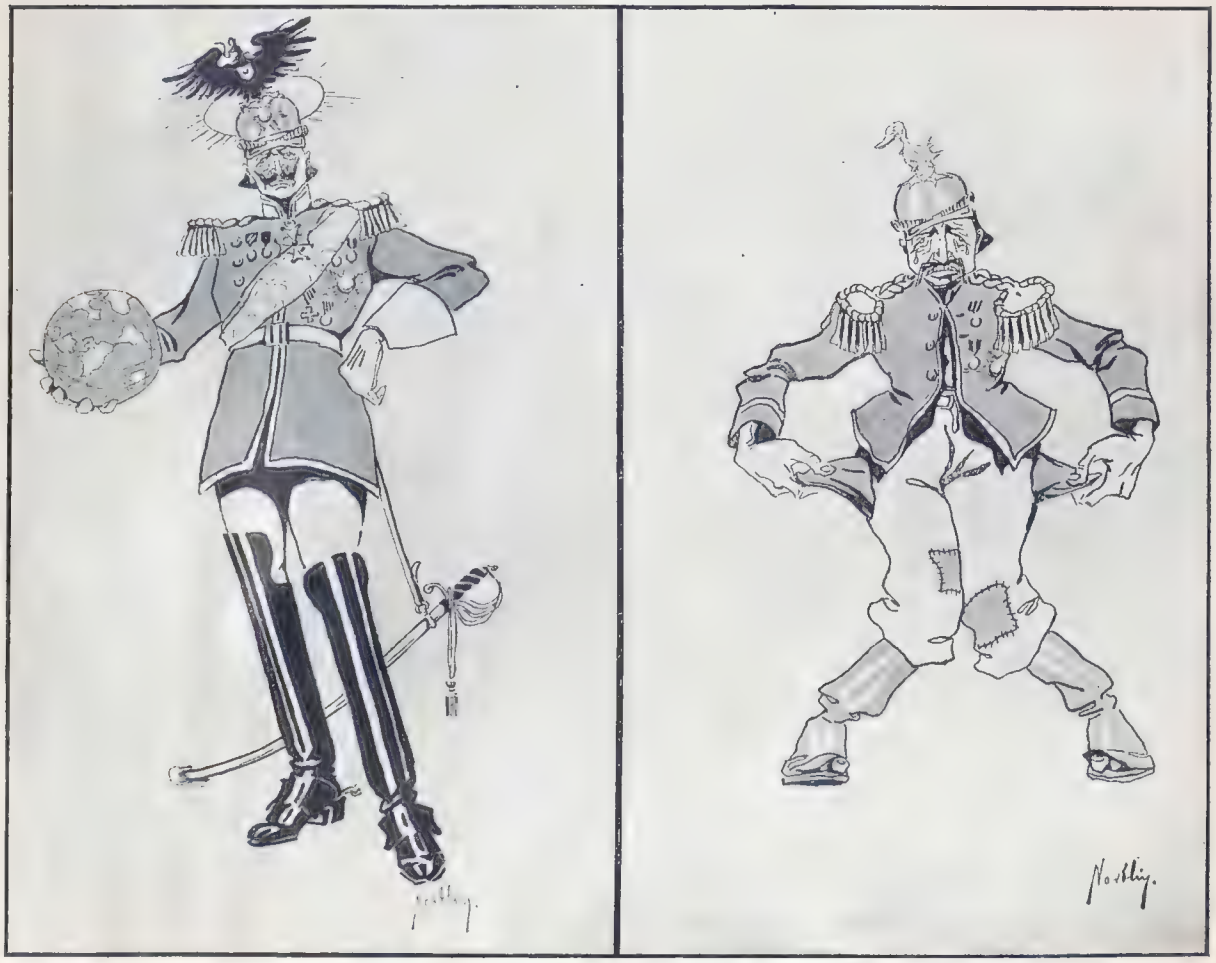
For forty-five years Germany has admitted the war-lordship of the King of Prussia. While disliking Prussians almost as much as do the English and French, the Bavarians, Saxons (and Austrians) have regarded the Prussian war-machine as the symbol of the might of Germany, and have been content to leave in the hands of the War Lord the destinies of the German—and since the Triple Alliance—of the Austrian Empire. If, as a result of the blundering diplomacy and the faulty tactics of the War Lord, the power of the German Empire is brought to nought, and the German name becomes a byword among the nations, it will not need any action by the Allies in Berlin to rid Europe of its nightmare. The business of the Allies is to smash the German forces by land and sea, and that done, Prussian militarism can be left to look after itself in a Germany that will then like it as little as the Rev. Robert Spalding liked London.

The end of this war must be not to crush Germany, but to put Prussia in her proper place. We must aim to give her practical proof of the fact that no nation can be so powerful as to be able to withstand the combined power of the rest of the world: that no one nation of Europe is sufficiently superior to the others to have the right to claim to be their overlord. Germany has her place in Europe; but it must be the place of a partner in the concern, not sole proprietor.

We must, however, decide what the concern is to be in which all the nations shall be the joint trustees—in other words, Europe must have a map that gives as far as is humanly possible the right amount of territory to the people who are rightly entitled to it. That means a palaver infinitely prolonged, and during that palaver a continuance by every nation of its hand on its sword. It also means that when the new map is decided upon, the swords shall be thrown in a heap on the floor, and a solemn vow taken that if one of the parties ever, as a result of a passion or a grievance, attempts to pick his up again, he shall be stopped in his purpose by the whole of the rest, and compelled to refer his case to a Judicial Court. If the Armies and Navies of Europe are kept up, they must be of a strength which will not be overwhelming, and for the purpose only of helping to suppress a disturber of the peace from without or within. They must be the policemen of Europe, the arm of international law.

There must be no Alliances: no secret treaties and no secret diplomacy. The relations of each nation to its neighbours ought to be decided on by its elected representatives. What, in conclusion, must come is the *Entente Cordiale* all round, as a prelude to the United States of Europe, and if this war does not bring that about it will have been fought in vain. VIVIAN CARTER

At the End of "The Day"



His Own Version— | WHAT HE WILL LOOK LIKE | —That of the Allies

The Latest "Lot" at Christie's

THE AUCTIONEER:—"Eton! Harrow! Marlboro'! going at one-and-tuppence—one-and-tuppence—going—gone! They go to the gentleman on my right—Lord Kitchener"

[*Christie's has actually been used as a station for the medical examination of recruits*]

The Kaiser's Coming Christmas Dinn

Among other interesting revelations of his plans and projects for the future, the Kaiser has announ
illustrated a menu of the dainties which are likely to tickle his palate.

er in London: Our Illustrated Menu

that he intends this year to eat his Christmas dinner in London. Our artist has drawn up and t where the banquet will take place (if at all) still remains to be seen

Dramatic Critics and Extra Specials

BY SPECIAL CONSTABLE "JINGLE"

FOR the simple reason that there are no new plays to speak of, the dramatic critic has no opportunity of exercising his profession in these fighting times. A man who produced a play worth criticising just now would be in the position of a Peace orator in Hyde Park trying to hold the attention of his audience while a military band crashed its way past the Marble Arch.

The pen, as we know, is mightier than the sword, but that is only beneath the rule of men entirely great, to finish the quotation. And it would seem that entirely great men are certainly not made in Germany. There is no demand for the services of dramatic critics to give their carefully considered opinions of the performances at the front, possibly because the leading actor, the *Oberster Kriegesherr*, for reasons best known to himself, does not rush to monopolise the limelight in accordance with the best traditions of *the* profession. He seems quite satisfied to have all the dialogue to himself and to leave the "business" to others.

In the absence of professional duties it might be expected that the dramatic critic would go a-fishing, which is an agreeable pastime for those who do not care for over-violent exercise. But in these days of storm and stress even dramatic critics are moved by a desire to "do their bit." (N.B.—This is genuine.)

Myself, having nothing better to do, I am P.C. 13, keeping ward in the silent watches of the night against the King's enemies. Having proved myself (to the intense surprise of those who know me best) a responsible person, I receive at various intervals during the long, long night the confidences of the regular police, together with their extremely frank opinions of Special Constables generally, present company being courteously excepted.

The inspector who gallops across the fields to my beat just before sunrise has usually got something to tell me about some of "our chaps," as he calls them in his gently familiar way. He laughs a little bitterly as he narrates how several gentlemen in this district who made quite a fuss about having been sworn-in, were overcome with righteous indignation when they learned that they were positively about to be asked to do the duties they had solemnly undertaken to perform.

On the other hand, there are the over-zealous. According to the Inspector, one of "our chaps" certainly distinguished himself in this direction recently. He had come straight from a dinner-party, where he had obviously done himself very well indeed, and had not had time to change his evening clothes. The Inspector, who is an expert at judging by appearances, noted that "our chap's" necktie was rather nearer his right ear than the correct fashion in these matters demands. Also, "our chap" leaned rather heavily against the wall under the railway bridge he was guarding; he had a large cigar stuck at a defiant angle in his mouth, and there was about him what my informant described as a sort of "let-'em-all-come!" look.

In pursuance of his duty the Inspector watched for a few moments. The first thing that happened was that "our chap" had the misfortune to drop his cigar, and it was obvious that, after brief consideration, he had arrived at the conclusion that it would not be consonant with his dignity as a Special Constable to risk an attempt to recover it. He, therefore, remained leaning dreamily against the wall until the light of a belated cyclist appeared in the distance.

At once, according to the Inspector, "our chap" stood erect and "chucked out his chest." He had clearly decided that a man who would ride a bicycle at one o'clock in the morning could be no other than one of the King's enemies. As soon as the cyclist was level with him, "our chap" sprang from his hiding-place and flung himself heroically at the unhappy wayfarer. The Inspector told me he separated the two men from the remains of the bicycle to the best of his modest ability; and he added piously: "It's Gawd's own mercy, sir, our chap never took it into 'is 'ead to use 'is truncheon, or there'd ha' been murder done that night."

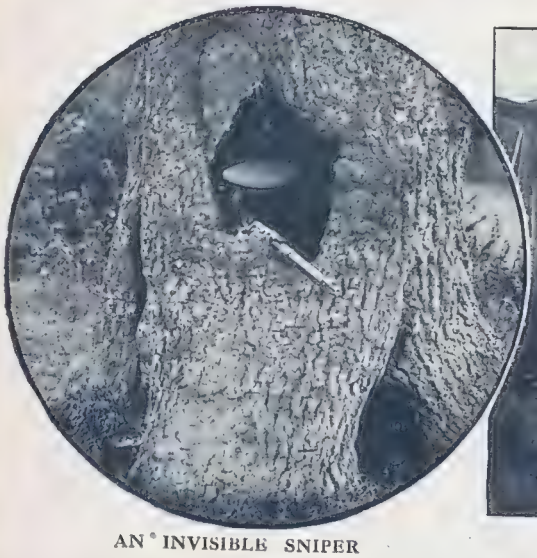
The Special Constables in this rural spot had orders last week to stop all cars passing along a certain main road. I learn from the informative Inspector that one of "our chaps" in pursuit of his duty, challenged a car that crossed his path at 2 a.m.; but all he got for his pains was an abrupt command to go to a place where (so I am informed) cooling drinks are at a very high premium indeed. "Our chap" noted the number of the car, and in due course the owner was summoned, and was fined two pounds sterling for being disrespectful to a Special Constable.

This little incident points to a new career for momentarily superannuated persons like myself. I should be quite prepared to take my stand as a Special Constable in the market-place and let people be moderately disrespectful to me, provided the Home Office could see its way to giving me a half-share on the deal. Assuming the average fine imposed to be a sovereign, it seems to me that we both ought to do well in a busy eight-hour day. From my point of view it would be better than working, and very much more remunerative besides.

JINGLE

Tricks of the War Trade

"SLIM" DEVICES FOR THE DECEPTION AND DISCOMFITURE OF THE FOE



AN INVISIBLE SNIPER

Concealed in a hollow tree. A marksman so placed can disable a whole battery of artillery

A TRAP FOR CAVALRY DEVISED BY THE FRENCH

Wire entanglements into which the enemy is lured in the half-light and then pounded with hidden machine guns

THERE are a hundred artful dodges for turning the tables upon an enemy in battle. To imitate the enemy's bugle-call, to wear his uniform or make him waste his ammunition upon dummy guns—these are all part of the game of war, as is also the placing of sharpshooters in holes and bushes so as to pick off men serving the enemy's guns. Pitfalls and pointed stakes are military traps as old as history, but barbed wire is a very deadly novelty. Imagine a squadron of cavalry enticed in the twilight of dawn into a welter of barbed wire. The horses fall and cannot get up again, but lie kicking in wildest terror, whilst a hail of shrapnel falls from hidden artillery. The riders are equally helpless and must surrender at once or be annihilated. Often a current of electricity is sent through the barbed wire to make matters still worse for hostile horsemen.

A CONTRIVANCE FOR DRAWING FIRE

Dummy heads and shoulders which may cause the enemy to reveal his position and strength

RUSSIAN BARRIERS AND WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AS AN AID TO CONCENTRATED FIRE

PITFALLS AND POINTED STAKES PREPARED BY JAPANESE ENGINEERS

New in Name but in Nothing Else

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PETROGRAD

PANTING to get near the far and riskless Back, I whirled by train from Helsingfors towards St. Petersburg. At Vyborg, three-quarters way, where there is an ancient, renovated fortress, all blinds were pulled down. A new guard came on duty. Our conversation deserves record:

I: "At what o'clock do we reach St. Petersburg?" *V Kotorom tchasu mui priedem v Petersburg.*

HE: "St. Petersburg is no more." *Niet bolsche Peterburga.*

The Bystander may well gasp. Here was its Warless Correspondent tearing in special trains across Scandinavia to reach chilly Petersburg—and "Petersburg is no more." Plainly the Germans had landed at the Back instead of at the Front, and wiped the city out. Perhaps fighting was still going on! Horrible thought! The Bystander-at-the-Back resolved to abandon his luggage and jump out of the train. At this cataclysmic moment the assistant-guard entered and said something about "Petrograd." The Far-Back-Bystander suddenly divined. Not Petersburg had been wiped out, but only its impious name. Petersburg was dead—long live Petrograd!

THE GERMAN LANDSTURM OR RESERVE

As pourtrayed by the Polish journal "Muchá." Evidently the effect of the German reservist on his Polish enemies is not very awe-inspiring

When I arrived at Petrograd at the Finnish Railway Station, at nine in the morning, I got speedy proof of the social havoc wrought by the War. Seventy odd Muscovites, men, women, uniformed gymnasiasts, mostly of the well-to-do classes, waited on the platform. They gripped the tired Back-Bystander's sleeve, and bawled in discord:

"Have you seen Olga Constantinovna Bolasheff?"

"Are you from Bad Nauheim? What has happened to my mother? An old lady. . . . Also my wife's nephew. . . .?"

"I believe we met in Biarritz! Villa Oriente, near M. Narishkin's house. For heaven's sake, say if you saw my daughter, Nadezhda Maximilianovna Balagantchikoff."

And all the seventy Muscovites, men, women, and gymnasiasts, tugged at the Far-Back-Bystander's cuff and demanded full account of their relatives' woes and perils.

These were all relatives or friends of the twenty thousand penniless, hungry, imprisoned Muscovite travellers who are stranded in Western Europe and can't get home. As I walked to the Customs inspection I saw scores of similar queries posted on the walls. Every one of them rang with a tragic note:

"The despairing friends of Ivan Yurievitch Morozoff, last seen at Nymphenburg, near Munich, on the 26th July. . . ."

"Five hundred roubles are offered for information about Mariya Vladimirovna Vengeroff, who was at Frau Grossbein's Pension in the Grunewald, Berlin. Mariya Vladimirovna is a piquant little brunette. . . ."

"God will reward anyone who brings news of my husband, Feodor Kyrillovitch Kuznetsoff. My husband is a stout, fair man with a pince-nez. He is interested in peonies and cremation. . . ."

That was the Bystander-at-the-Back's first sad impression of Petrograd at war. Domestic, as all things Muscovite, from the *Childhood* of Tolstoy to the dashing cavalry general outside the Finland station, who has a paper bag of oozing butter dangling from a uniform button. Except that it has grown more domestic than ever, Petrograd is unchanged.

Petrograd shows little new. On the Morskaja, opposite the Hotel de France, there is one new grey stone bank building; there is the new Astoria Hotel, with high walls and prices; and there is the new German Embassy building opposite, with high walls and mud. The mud was thrown by the mob which sacked the Embassy; hurled the roof-statues into the street (thereby showing true æsthetic penetration); and murdered the one unlucky old German who remained behind.

What irony! When the grey-stone Embassy was built to Kaiser Wilhelm's plans there was the usual outcry by disappointed architects; and Adolph Nelken, one disgruntled competitor, wrote in the *Lokal-Anzeiger*: "The approved plan is so ugly that some day the Petersburgers will tear the building down!" He was right.

Apart from an increase in its dirt and its police force, Petrograd is the same as Petersburg.

A Problem in Resuscitation

THE POPE (contemplating the Bird of Peace): "At this stage its revival seems hardly worth praying for—still, miracles are all in our line of business"

BY VERA WILLOUGHBY

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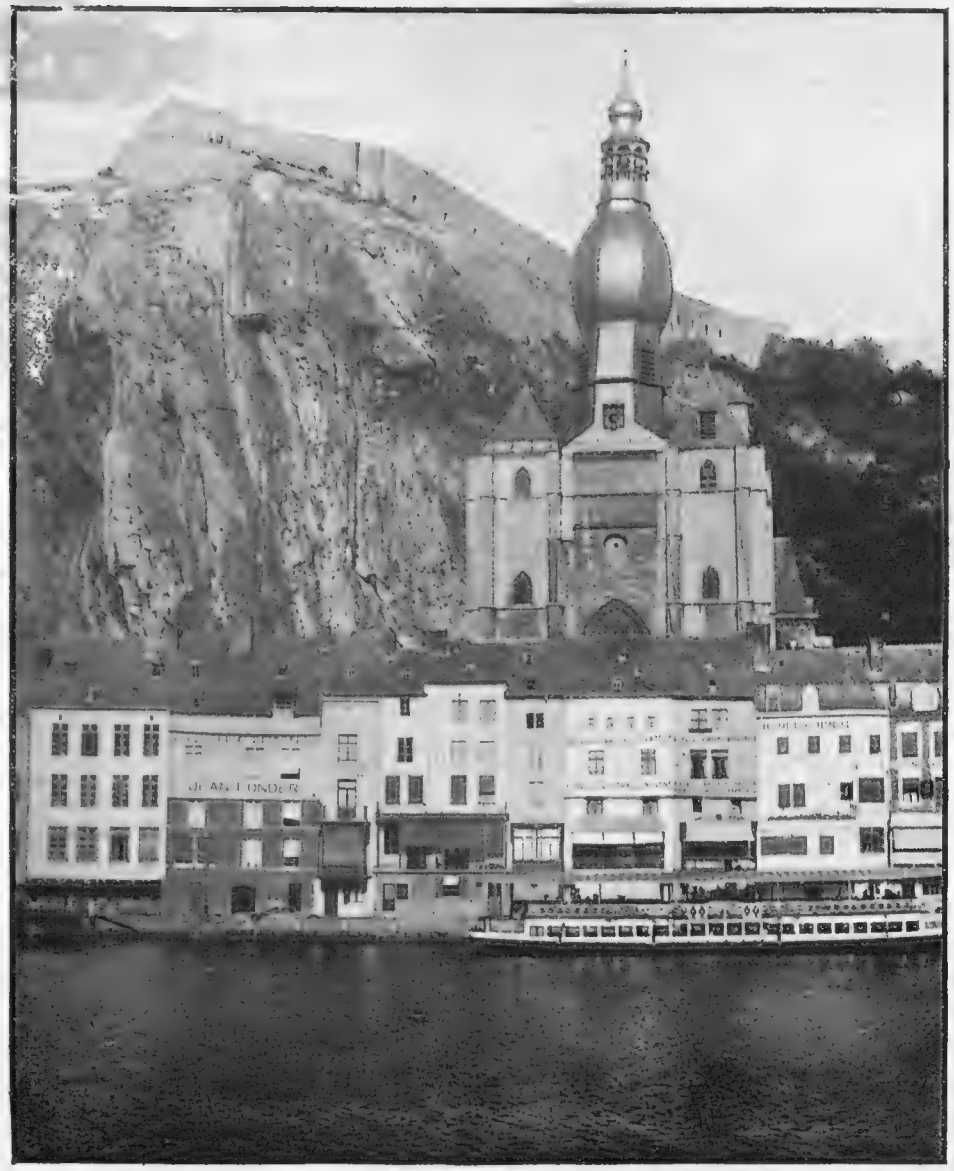
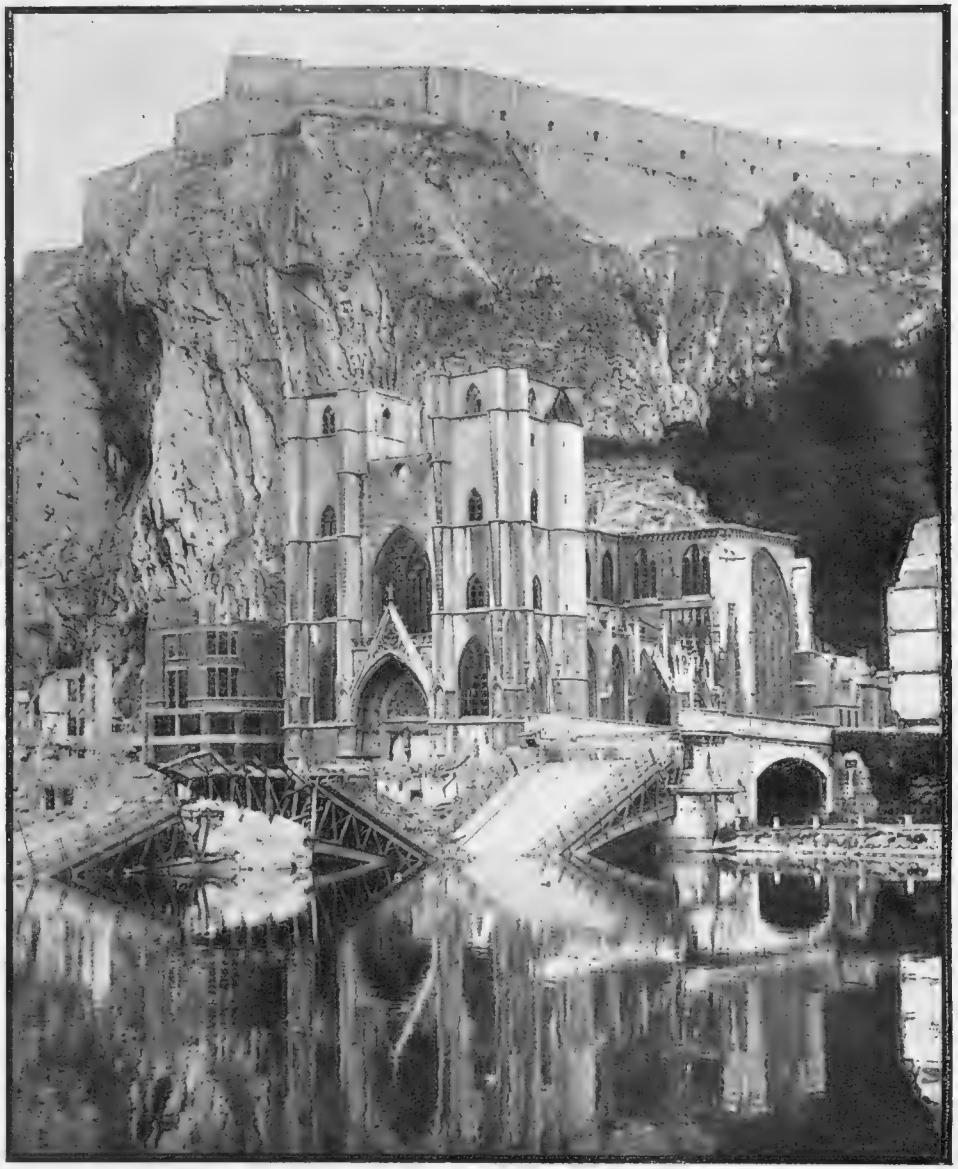
Dinant—Then—

"It is our duty to burn the Town."—
Commander Sommerfeld (of the German Army)

—and Now



BEFORE THE DEVASTATION—
The church and fortress of delectable Dinant as they appeared in peace time



—AND AFTER
A view of the wrecked town showing the citadel and the ruins of the church

"Absolute Order Prevails in Belgium"

—The German Chancellor

THE RUINS OF TERMONDE

This town, which is situated between Brussels and Antwerp, has been utterly destroyed, as is shown by this picture of one of the many scenes of wreckage in its streets

DESOLATION IN DINANT

Once one of the fairest of cities, now a mere pile of fallen or crumbling masonry. There is evidence that the Kaiser's hordes have been drilled in systematic incendiarism, and carry special equipment for the burning of towns

(A despatch from the German Chancellor to the United States concludes with the words, "Absolute order prevails in Belgium." If by "order" he means ruin and desolation, it certainly does!)

BELLICOSITIES

BY "JINGO"

THE most appropriately named place in Belgium just now is Turnhout.

* * *

No contradiction of the presence of Russians in Belgium has yet been received from the Russians in Belgium.

* * *

The best type of musical performance for the autumn season? Well, we should suggest Moratorio.

* * *

NAVVY: "It ain't the Crahn Prince, and it ain't the German Emperor wot's to blame. It's this 'ere bloomin' Kaiser."

* * *

"Now then, what are you doing here at this time of night? Spying, I expect."

"No. I'm only burglin'!"

"I beg your pardon. Sorry I troubled you. Good night."

* * *

"PEACE TWADDLE"

Evening News poster, *Sept.* 18

We believe the edition sold out. It was a distinct relief from war twaddle.

* * *

The German Army's loyalty to its War Lord was never certain, but it appears that even his ammunition cannot stand him. A bomb dropped at Antwerp destroyed one thing only—a bust of the Kaiser.

* * *

The Sportsmen Corps includes a plus 2 golfer who should find some good lies in Germany.

* * *

People who have contended that Bismarck was a rude unlettered savage, utterly unpossessed of the smallest claim to culture or education, can now prove it from the statement issued by the Foreign Office that in 1870, when everything was in his hands, he [illegible] ly respected Belgian neutrality.

* * *

[illegible] quotes General Botha as [illegible] ago that South Africa [illegible] verned by the British [illegible] now rumoured that [illegible] otha as the [illegible] the cost of

WILHELM (to Professor): "I command you to unteach me the beastly English language"

The King has expressed a wish that Germans should receive the same treatment as the British. His Majesty did not, of course, mean by this the same treatment as the British are receiving abroad.

* * *

"Things are better this week."

"Much; French——"

"Yes, last week I could not do better than 97. To-day I have put in a card two under bogey."

* * *

Hitherto the great banking houses have been very one-sided in the matter of the sex of their employees, but many such clerks having enlisted, it now appears that in some cases women are being invited to redress the balance at the bank.

* * *

While the country is being deprived of its usual supply of German glass, British leader-writers have been working overtime for weeks in order to supply the Kaiser and his friends with mirrors in which they may see themselves.

* * *

The sack of Louvain is now officially confirmed. We are a merciful people, with no intention of reprisals in kind. We shall not sack Berlin—merely its Kaiser.

* * *

"A thousand Moscow criminals," says the *Express*, "have requested to be allowed to go to the front." But what could a mere thousand Russian criminals do against some millions of German ones?

* * *

Conflicting accounts are current regarding the condition of the Germans. In some cases we hear they are starving; in others that they are getting fed-up.

* * *

In spite of the fact that financial stringency continues in Berlin, the Germans left their marks everywhere in Belgium.

* * *

"Crushed, Germany will arm every man, child, cat and dog in the Empire for the day of revenge."—THE KAISER. But what of the pigs? Surely such arch exponents of German culture will not be left out?

Escaping the War

Our artist here depicts the endeavours of a "fed-up" [illegible] the War," and the unexpected but highly satis[illegible] [illegible]ere is evidence that the [illegible]ar equipment for the burning of towns [illegible] *the words, "Absolute order prevails in [illegible], it certainly does!)*

In Search of the War

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"AND what do you think of the war?" asked a man who had just arrived in London from the heart of things. He had been travelling three days and three nights, on a journey from the centre of France—Limoges, I think, it was—which in normal times would have been a mere matter of hours. "What do you think of the war?" he had asked a London friend whom he met in Southampton. "Terrible, isn't it? Horrible! D'you know I've had no holiday at all this year, and I don't suppose I'm going to be able to get one now! Oh yes, ghastly thing, modern warfare, isn't it? Heaps of good fellows gone under! And a beastly nuisance, I call it, the bars and places shutting at eleven o'clock, what?" He was rather annoyed with the man from Limoges for laughing. And he was more annoyed still when the man from Limoges left him, without talking any more about the war at all. He had hoped for something he could retail to the fellows at the club.

***

A very ordinary, dirty little street, in a very ordinary dirty little French town. But a crowd in it, which, though it is quite a usual crowd in France nowadays, may appeal even now as extraordinary to some of you. There is hardly a whole man to be seen, and hardly a man in the ordinary clothes of the civilian citizen. And the wounded men wear uniforms of every arm in France, and some of them are Belgians, and some are Britishers in khaki. Everybody is remarkably cheerful, everybody is bronzed, the uniforms of some are a quaint mixture of civilian and varied kinds of army clothes, and there are quantities of bandages and crutches. A civilian on a bicycle tries to ride down the crowded street of wounded, without dismounting. This is not etiquette and a Turco, who only has one of his own legs now, rubs in the lesson by wagging a finger at the bicyclist, tipping him off his machine by means of his wooden legs, and accusing him, when he gets angry, of having "splintered his toe." But the laughter dies down in a hum of emotion. Here is something really interesting. A young man—certainly not more than twenty-three or four, is strolling down the street in civilian clothes. "Got a *livret militaire*—Frenchman, aren't you? Why aren't you with the colours?" are a few of the questions, and there's an angry buzz from the outskirts of the crowd when the accent, though not the words of the young man's answer, reaches them. "German!" shouts somebody. There is quite an ugly look on the faces of this little crowd of wounded men. But the stranger laughs, bitterly. "I'm a Lorrainer," he says, "and I'd give this hand and the other to have a slap at them. But they tell me I'm [illegible] captive, hang them, and won't give me a gun a uniform!" His excitement brings on a sudden [illegible] of coughing [illegible] proves that "they" are pretty right. "[illegible] rat," growl the wounded men, each man by the [illegible] never had his hurt is, hopes fervently the Kaiser has n more fervour still if possible that chief living Brave another slap at "them" before long. certain teleg

And they close in round the consumptive Lorrainer, with kind words, cigarettes, and invitations to come in and share the hospital dinner, any time when the "Major" (that's the doctor) is in a good enough temper to wink at a breach of discipline.

***

A King's messenger, another officer, and a chauffeur formed the ship's company of the motor-car, and it was travelling at break-neck speed towards the coast with despatches. "Huhlans—or Ooligans, I should say, sir, in front!" snaps the chauffeur, excitedly. He has put the car to her very best police-trap-breaking speed even without waiting for the order. "What larks!" chuckle the two other men, and each of them produces a couple of revolvers. The Uhlans are caught, they give in quietly, though they are four to three, and one of the three is too busy with his wheel to help, they are taken to the nearest French post, handed over to a corporal, and—"No, our names don't matter," says the elder man in khaki, "and I don't think we'll part with the helmets and guns, if you don't mind. We have taken a fancy to them, and they'll look very well in my hall." They travelled over to England on a torpedo-boat that night. "The joke of the thing was," said their new owner, "that we were nearly a quarter of an hour over the business, and got cursed for coming to port so much later than we were expected!"

***

"Dum-dum bullets!" said the Pacificist "dam-dam nonsense! There are always accusations of the use of dum-dum bullets in every war, but there is never any proof of it. And I for one refuse to believe that the Germans are using them now." There are a couple of hundred wounded—Frenchmen who fought at Nanteuil on September 8, in hospital at Ouistreham. Their wounds are, in a large percentage, dum-dum wounds, and they certainly were fighting no one but Germans when they got them. Oh, yes, I've seen some of the wounds myself, and very sick they make one feel, I can assure you. There's one man whose wound leaves him with very little shoulder-blade worth mentioning. Four inches by 2 2-5th inches it was, according to the doctor's certificate. Oh, no, I'm not advancing anything I cannot prove. I could get a photograph for you, but no paper would print it. Easy to ascribe dum-dum wounds to anonymous combatants? Oh, of course, but this ex-combatant is not anonymous. He will be taken to hospital in Caen before you read about him, can easily be found there, and his name is Auguste Joseph Lucas. He is a reservist of the 265e, a French line regiment, fifth battalion, 20th company. "How soon can you get me all right to go back to the front again, M. le Major, do you think?" I heard him ask the doctor. "I'd know the *Alboche* officer (*gradé*, he called him, and *gradé dégradé* I thought) who did this, if I met him, and I've got a message for the beast!"

I'm really very sorry, Friend the Pacificist, to have to upset your cherished convictions so.

The Signature.

To distinguish the *original and genuine Worcestershire Sauce* from the many imitations, see that the signature of **LEA & PERRINS** appears in *White* across the *Red* label on every bottle.

No other sauce has such an exquisitely delicate flavour, or such a reputation among discriminating people in every part of the world.

Lea & Perrins

The 7 Secrets of Health.

I TEACH the Science and Art of regaining Health and Strength upon Nature's own foundations of Physical Poise and Physiological Balance. I teach my pupils the Seven Secrets of Health without subjecting anyone to the old methods of Physical Culture.

My pupils have been rapidly relieved of such ailments as Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Heart Weakness, Chest Complaints, Back-ache, Weak Spine, Spinal Curvature, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Obesity, and the Common Ailments that have defied other forms of treatment. The expense incurred for my health teachings is very small compared to the benefits derived. After you learn these Seven Secrets of Health you put them into daily practice wherever you may be—seated in an ordinary chair, omnibus, train, motor, walking, standing—in fact, you live my teachings and experience the benefits without change of clothing, use of apparatus, or any inconvenience.

A Wonderful Sense of Buoyance

MY pupils all say the results of my teachings are wonderful. The rapid relief from nerve-irritating shock and strain upon the brain, spine and nerve centres gives my pupils a wonderful sense of *buoyance*.

Physical Poise

THE improvement in physical appearance is fully as satisfactory as the relief of functional troubles. The height increases, the whole being is uplifted, walking is easy and effortless, without fatigue. I teach the correct principles of breathing: the lung capacity is so improved and chest measurements increased that breathing becomes normal, and many of my pupils have thus been enabled to pass the Medical Examination for the Army, etc., after a few lessons.

The "Waist Line"

GREAT satisfaction has been obtained by my pupils who have suffered from Obesity—their "waist-line" has returned to normal without any torture by straining exercises or dieting. The back is strengthened, the step is lightened, and the whole appearance is altered. The vital organs seem as if their working had been lubricated with some "magic" oil.

The "Secret of Youth"

I TEACH the *Secrets* of Health which enable men and women to regain normal power and strength. Why should you grow prematurely old when it is so easy to learn how to restore and preserve Physical Poise, Physiological Balance and Neural Buoyance? No artificial "Elixir of Youth" is required if the Seven Secrets of Health are understood and practised in daily life.

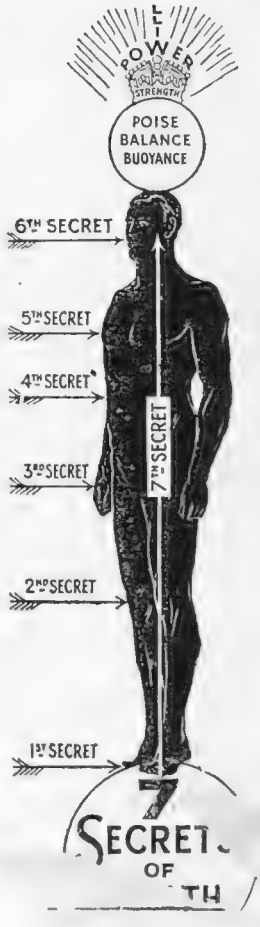
My teaching is individual and personal for every pupil. I invite the man or woman who is interested in acquiring the Secrets of Health to consult me between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Call, if possible, and let me explain my methods of teaching the Seven Secrets of Health. My Life-Size Model Charts enable me to explain the new Science of Health and demonstrate how easily anyone can secure the desired results.

I Freely Explain all This

BENEFIT follows my first lesson. Every day you delay the taking of this first lesson, the pleasures and the powers that become yours from possessing Physical Poise and Physiological Balance are postponed. I can better explain this to anyone who is interested at a personal interview. I make no charge for that interview. I invite callers because my charts, diagrams, and illustrations make everything plain without the use of any technical words or expressions. If, however, particulars are desired by post, you should state the conditions, troubles, or diseases for which relief is desired. Address:

Mr. Claude B. Harper,
12 Princes St., Hanover Sq., London, W.

A SPECIMEN copy of "The Backbone of England" which contains an illustrated article by me on the New Science of Health, together with other helpful articles on health, will be sent post free on request.—HARPER.



A Nightmare

BY "EFEMERA"

NO one, so far as I know, has yet been able to analyse the stuff which dreams are made of. Personally, I am inclined to believe that the solution lies somewhere between over-eating and nervous strain, but I am entirely unable to determine whether the curious nightmare which galloped through my room last night was the legitimate descendant of too hearty a dinner or the result of a surfeit of extra war editions.

With no warning I found myself in the midst of a stricken countryside: broken fences, trampled crops, deep-rutted roads. Against the wind-swept horizon rose eddies of smoke and flame from burning villages. The land was deserted, not a living being in sight, and dusk was falling. As I crouched, sheltering against a bank behind some bushes, a horseman rode up. The strangeness of his accoutrements struck even my unaccustomed eyes at once. A Cossack! said I to myself, and then dismissed the thought, for I knew that I was in France. But if not a Cossack, what then, in the name of Heaven? A fringe of little pots and packets dangled from his saddle, and among them a bundle of what I took to be antimacassars. He seemed to wear a brown woolly wig under his cap, a knitted chest-protector hung over his manly bosom, mittens covered his hands, a sewing-case or handy-bag and a first-aid outfit slung from a strap bumped against his back. His horse had ear-guards and a fly-net. Two sauce-pans, balanced by a tea and luncheon-basket, decorated his saddle. On his lance were impaled a bath-sponge and a cake of antiseptic soap. It was too dark to see more, but I was no longer afraid. I knew the warrior: who could he be but my old friend, the White Knight, in modern guise? I slipped from my cover as he dismounted, and advanced towards him.

Photograph *Topical*

ABOARD THE OSTEND BOAT

Nurses of the British Field Hospital for Belgium. Those in riding kit are ambulance wagon drivers

"What are yer bringin' me now?" he asked in aggrieved suspicion, as I approached. "Not another bloomin' comfort, I 'ope."

It was not the greeting I expected, but times have changed.

I was able to reassure him, but his discontent vented itself in a running commentary on his equipment as he proceeded to make himself and his mount comfortable. He tore off his mittens and removed his cap, showing the wig to be no more than a knitted helmet.

"Tell yer what it is," he growled, "the women think they're doin' us a kindness, but Lord, 'ow they do mess a man up! This thing now—it mikes yer 'ead 'ot an' it keeps yer from 'earing what's goin' on—'ceptin' always artillery fire. It ain't no bloomin' use that I can think of. An' these 'ere pots—they're full of ointment or something which I ain't never yet 'ad no time nor opportunity to use, not 'aving 'ad my boots off for a week, an' the socks without 'eels which is under 'em do lump up something cruel. Why can't they knit 'eels to 'em if they will mike socks? Don't they know 'ow? My missis what's at 'ome she can knit a sock as 'll fit, an' she can mike shirts too—a shirt-maker she was by trade an' out of work now. Why don't they pay 'er to mike them instead of sending us shirts what won't button proper with one sleeve up an' the other down an' what comes apart if yer looks at 'em 'ard?"

He held up a strange grey garment, and shook it wrathfully.

"This 'ere, now. What's the good of night-shirts to us, out 'ere? And all prickles as mikes yer flesh turn to touch it? An crowshay mats to put under yer saddle? Oo's got the time to think of things like that?"

With supreme disgust he opened a small biscuit tin.

"An' what's in 'ere? A lot of foul old pipes—not a new one among 'em nor an ounce of clean bacca. . . . I arsks yer, what's the bloomin' use of these? Do they think we want their old pipes? Not —— likely. 'Ere I am loaded up like a tinker's cart an' all of us just as bad. . . . As if we 'adn't enough to carry in the ordinary way. I'd like to 'ave the lot of 'em out 'ere for 'arf a day just to see what fightin's really like. . . . If they must do something, why don't they look after the missis an' the kids at 'ome, an' let us know they're doin' it?—it 'ould ease some of us a lot. Why don't they let us know as 'ow they'll find jobs for all of us when we gets 'ome? 'Stead of which they all wants to come out with the Red Cross—to the front, if yer please, to tie us up. 'Eaven 'elp us if we falls into their 'ands is what I say. Nurses is all right—they knows their job, but these other women if they was to see a field 'ospital after an action they'd faint away in 'eaps. Fat lot of good they'd be. When it comes to that, they're a long sight better out of 'arm's way, a-loading of us up with trumpery which we can throw away. May be it'll do the Germans some good. I'm a-lightening of my load now. . . ."

His voice seemed to grow fainter, and without warning he vanished, leaving the ground covered with a motley collection of boxes, pots, and garments. I picked up the nearest one, the nightshirt so scornfully described, prickly in texture with crooked sleeves. It seemed unaccountably large and heavy, so much so that I bent for closer inspection, and perceived, by the sunlight streaming through the window, that it was my own blanket.

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"Play the Game"

WE have heard and read a great deal lately in derogation of games. Last week I endeavoured to show exactly how far the outcry against games, both as regards those who play them and those who look on at them, is justified. This week I propose to show how the whole of the civilised world will come to realise that it owes a debt of gratitude to games—as played by Englishmen.

***

In the first place, at the risk of being accused of repeating myself, I must emphasise the fact that the ranks of the shirkers are *not* made up mainly (as some would have us believe) of sportsmen who at the hour of their country's need are oblivious of everything except sport. From every part of the kingdom comes the same tale of the inability of countless football clubs, hockey clubs, and other similar institutions which would ordinarily be "getting busy" just about this time to "carry on" because all their playing members who are capable and eligible have answered their country's call. No. A lot of hard things have been said with a total lack of understanding about sport and games which will soon have to be taken back.

Already we are feeling that we have good cause to be thankful that our forces in the field and on the sea are sportsmen. Here in Great Britain, being a games-playing nation, we have a motto which has a far wider significance than its actual words convey—"Play the Game." And it has penetrated *via* Greater Britain to the ends of the earth. Try to analyse it, and you will find that it is the sportsman's way of epitomising the code of honour in his own language. No game is wholly proof against the cheat or the man who is "out" to take advantage of the other side by dirty tricks of various kinds.

***

The analogy between sport and war is remarkably close. All sport, in fact, is warfare of a kind. Whence, by the way, comes that amazing adage, "All's fair in love and war". The man (or was it a woman ?) who is responsible for it ought to have lived—preferably in Belgium—in 1914. However, you will doubtless have realised by this time what I am aiming at. If you have not, you have only to turn back to some of the preceding pages of this copy of THE BYSTANDER for the key to my meaning

There are black sheep in every fold. In sport, because it is not a matter of life and death, we merely regard them as a confounded nuisance until they begin to interfere seriously with our enjoyment. Then we take the necessary steps to abate the nuisance, usually by adopting the simple expedient of giving them the cold shoulder, and leaving them to consort with their own kind.

***

In war this is impossible. We cannot choose our antagonists. We must take them as we find them. If they are antagonists who do not "play the game" there are, apparently, two courses open to us, either to grin and bear it, or else to retaliate and pay them back in their own dirty coin. We are confronted with these two alternatives now. And yet they are not really alternatives; for our choice — we *know* it — is strictly limited to one. Therein lies our strength. To choose the wrong alternative would only mean that our iniquity would recoil on our own heads. England will win in the long run because she plays the game. Germany will lose because she doesn't. H. S. S.

Submarine and Supermarine

When Experts Raged

JUST before the war commenced, Sir Percy Scott let loose a lively metaphorical cat into the comparative calm of the figurative naval dovecot. So, at any rate, the ordinary man of the street who cannot distinguish a bow from a binnacle, and who would be unable to recognise the port side if he were on it, may be pardoned for concluding, said conclusions being based upon the fluttering that resulted. Other great naval experts arose to point out that Sir Percy had turned a complete somersault, and, blissfully unconscious that the opportunity would come so quickly, invited the world to wait and see what a war would bring forth.

***

The Exaggerations of Reform

Now that we are well into a big war we may profitably reconsider the matter in the light of the fact accomplished. Shortly, Sir Percy Scott claimed that the day of the Dreadnought was all but done, the seaplane and the submarine having revolutionised naval warfare. His idea was that for the future we should concentrate upon the development of those two weapons of offence in conjunction with certain comparatively small fighting sea-craft. The Dreadnought, I gathered, was to wear out. No more were to be built. The opposition said in effect that Sir Percy Scott did not know what he was talking about, in proof whereof they pointed out that both the seaplane and the submarine were immature, and not entirely to be relied upon. They omitted to point out, because they probably did not appreciate the fact, that immaturity had nothing to do with the case. In the alternative, accepting their position, they clearly forgot that the only men who arrest public attention and concentrate it upon an urgent national problem are the men who charge full tilt against complacency by cutting their case so sharply out from all other considerations that it seems to lack balance and to savour of exaggeration. In that sense your reformer always exaggerates.

***

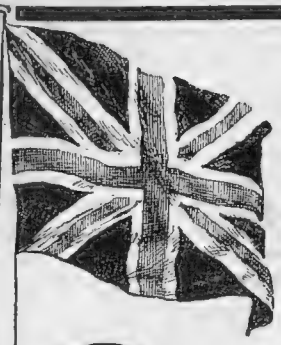
The Seaplane Factor

Now, I do not know to what extent the Dreadnought type of warship has in the present campaign been found absolutely indispensable. A virulent attack of censoritis commonly called fog-o'-war has effectually prevented, doubtless properly prevented, any sufficiently detailed information from percolating through the channels of publicity; but from what little definite information we have it would seem that the seaplane, and more particularly the submarine, have played parts, at least as important, despite their admitted immaturity, as any other vessel of wrath. It is true that the aeroplane has mainly been useful as scout, but that seems to be due to the fact that there are so few of them, that their feeders and supports are scarce, and that the gentle bomb has not yet been sufficiently developed. The aerial machine has, however, already shown to such effect in the naval situation that high authority anticipates a great multiplication in this department if the war is prolonged, and even suggests that the issue on the sea may almost entirely be dealt with in the air—if the bull be permissible. On this side of the argument Sir Percy Scott has no cause to modify his view.

***

The Submarine Score

On the submarine and small craft side (the submarine coming into motoring by virtue of its power plant) the fact that there has yet been no considerable Dreadnought engagement, and that most of the damage not done by mines (and mine-sowers, it will be remembered, are not big fighting vessels) has been done by submarines and the lighter sloops of war, seems to suggest that Sir Percy Scott is at least on the right lines, particularly as he made no sweeping stupidity to the effect that the big ship should immediately be scrapped. His argument was for the immediate development of the super and submaritime arm while, presumably, using all the big fellows as effectively as possible during the term of their active life. At the same time he suggested that the Admiral who was fighting with Dreadnoughts against an Admiral adequately equipped with seaplanes and submarines with their tenders and supports, would have a very rough time of it. And so far as we have gone he appears to be right. ALEX. J. M. GRAY



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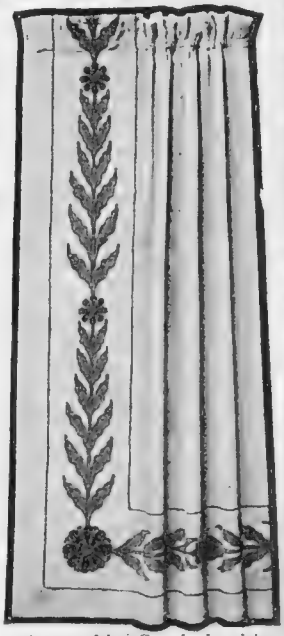

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The Renovation, Restoration, Enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with under their supervision.

WILTS.—In the centre of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt. 2 hours from London.

GENUINE UNRESTORED SMALL TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, WITH OLD OAK PANELLING AND CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES.

Long avenue drive. 300ft. above sea. Good views. Unfailing water supply. Good stabling and buildings. 2 cottages. The Estate of over 400 acres is for SALE at a most moderate price.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

WILTS. 1½ MILES FROM SALISBURY.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, MODERATE RENTAL.—A picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, surrounded by a moat; gravel soil and perfectly dry: 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample offices, with servants' hall and housekeeper's room; stabling for 7, garage; 2 cottages; electric light.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

ABSOLUTE BARGAIN. PRICE ONLY £5,000.

SUSSEX COAST (close to harbour, with safe yacht anchorage, on outskirts of quaint old village).

A PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE AND FINELY TIMBERED PARK of 82 ACRES.

12 bedrooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; perfect repair; stabling, garage; cottages; delightful gardens.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

ON THE COTSWOLDS,

between Cirencester and Cheltenham, lovely position, 700ft. above sea level. Splendidly placed for hunting, polo, and golf.

GENUINE JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE,

containing a large quantity of old oak and many interesting features: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5, garage; 3 cottages; delightful gardens with fine old yew trees, grass and woodland of 32 acres. Price £3,500. Freehold.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

A LOVELY OLD COURT IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY.

FURNISHED, 5 GNS. PER WEEK.

£5,000 FREEHOLD.—The above depicted highly attractive HOUSE, in splendid order, and containing: panelled lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage and stabling; choice grounds of about 6½ acres; about 2 hours' rail from London.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX.—Close to the delightful old village of Worth, amidst absolutely rural surroundings. Under an hour from London.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, LOW RENT, AN ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, STANDING IN A BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PARK,

400ft. above sea level; ¼ mile drive with lodge: 4 reception rooms, 17 bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling and garage, men's rooms; farmery, cottage and laundry.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS.

—Inspected and recommended.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

FURNISHED TOWN HOUSES.

MESSRS. WILSON AND GRAY have recently prepared an extensive list of Town Properties to be Let for the Autumn and Winter months and also for longer periods, and will be pleased to send a careful selection to applicants on receipt of a line or telephone message. The following is an extract from their register.

ACCOMMODATION:

Situation.	Bedrooms.	Baths.	Reception rooms.	Rent per wk. Gns.
BRUTON STREET	9	2	3	20
CHARLES STREET	12	2	5	25
CHARLES STREET	8	2	4	25
GREEN STREET	11	2	3	20
GROSVENOR STREET	9	2	4	15
GROSVENOR SQUARE	15	5	6	50
	(Passenger lift and large stabling)			
NORFOLK STREET	10	3	4	18
PARK LANE	8	1	3	20
SOUTH STREET	10	2	4	25
EATON PLACE	10	2	4	14
GROSVENOR PLACE	12	2	5	20
LOWDNES SQUARE	11	2	4	10
WILTON CRESCENT	11	2	4	15
CORNWALL TERRACE	6	2	3	12
GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE	6	2	3	12
MANCHESTER SQUARE	8	2	4	14

FURNISHED FLATS.—Messrs. WILSON and GRAY have a numerous selection of Flats to be Let, Furnished, in Mayfair, Knightsbridge, Belgravia, Cavendish Square and Portman Square districts at rents varying from 8 to 25 gns. per week.—Particulars on application.

Town Houses.

FOR SALE.

A PHENOMENAL BARGAIN.

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE, *close to the Park*, with unusually large and handsome rooms, fine staircase, *passenger lift*, beautiful fireplaces and other special features which mark it out of the usual run of London houses. There are 8 bed and dressing rooms, 4 beautiful reception rooms, and unusually good basement; garage (let off at £80 per annum). Lease 8½ years. The very

LOW PRICE OF £1,400

will be accepted for a quick sale.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

WILTON PLACE.

£250 PER ANNUM. PREMIUM £500.

A BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED LITTLE HOUSE, WITH CHARMING GARDEN OF ITS OWN.

A DELIGHTFUL BIJOU RESIDENCE, newly decorated and in perfect order, occupying WONDERFULLY SUNNY AND OPEN POSITION,

with gardens front and back, to be LET, Unfurnished, with early possession: splendid dining and drawing rooms, charming little boudoir leading on to garden, 6 capital bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; dinner lift and every up-to-date improvement. Lease 16½ years. Strongly recommended.

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephones: { Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

THIS GLORIOUS OLD HOUSE, an embodiment of all that is sought in the domestic architecture of the period, resplendent with ancient oak panellings, beams, rafters, staircase, etc.

ABSOLUTELY MUST BE SOLD, AND IS THEREFORE OFFERED AT THE FIRST REASONABLE PROPOSAL THAT IS MADE (SAY £7,000).

17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, modern offices; electric light, radiators, telephone; stabling for 6, coach-house, and garage. LOVELY OLD GARDENS AND GROUNDS, paved gardens, fine lawns, pergolas, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, in all 10 acres.—Call, 'phone, or write, HARRODS (Ltd.), Estate Agents, as above.

35 MINUTES FROM LONDON.
ADJOINING A LOVELY SURREY COMMON.

SURREY (within 2 miles of a main line station, and only 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED HOUSES in the county, well away from road and surrounded by CHARMING WELL-WOODED GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.

Lounge hall (oak panelled), 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 3, coach-house or motor-house.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHARMING OLD TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

HERTS (about 3 miles from 2 stations, 45 minutes Town).—HOUSE contains: 3 reception, bath, and 5 bedrooms; stabling for 3; cottages; lovely old gardens and grounds of about

17 ACRES.

For SALE.—Confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 16,205)

RENT £85 AND PREMIUM.

SURREY HILLS, in a lovely position, 500ft. above sea level. ADJOINING AN EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. EXQUISITELY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 1¼ ACRES; tennis lawn.

WORTH £130 PER ANNUM.

—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN. £1,500.

BUCKS (40 minutes from Town, *in a perfectly delightful spot, overlooking the lovely Bois Common*, 500ft. above sea level).—Exceptionally picturesque COUNTRY RETREAT, in old-fashioned style, splendidly equipped throughout. Electric light, gas, and main water: 5 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception rooms, large open loggia, lounge hall; charming gardens, with tennis lawn and rose pergola. Would be LET on lease.—Full particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

THE BARGAIN OF THE CENTURY.

A COUNTY SEAT FOR SALE AT FARM PRICE.

NORTH DEVON (close to a station, in a high and healthy situation, commanding the finest views in the county).—The imposing Family RESIDENCE contains: 5 reception, billiard, bath, 16 bedrooms; there are very pretty pleasure grounds; stabling; farmery, cottage, and

OVER 100 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.

Price asked only £3,000. Open to offer.

The House and buildings are in tiptop order, and the price required is only about one-third cost to present owner.

GENTLEMAN'S PLEASURE FARM.

SUFFOLK (near Coast), 2 hours London.—SPECIMEN ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

Handsome Staircase, Much Old Oak.

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath; Co.'s water and gas available.

160 ACRES GOOD LAND.

60 pasture; all in good heart.

AMPLE RANGE FARM BUILDINGS.

FREEHOLD, £2,880.

THE CHEAPEST ESTATE EVER OFFERED.

ONLY 16 MILES FROM LONDON ('midst lovely country).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 10 bedrooms; main water; pretty gardens; cottage; stabling, farmery, and

41 ACRES OF PARKLAND.

Price just reduced from £5,000 to £3,000.

2 HOURS FROM LONDON, MAIN G.W.R.

A COUNTRY ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

High up, glorious views of the Mendip Hills.

THE ABOVE HANDSOME CASTELLATED RESIDENCE.—Fine old studded door, casement and stone mullioned windows; carved old oak mantels; lounge hall, 3 reception, large studio, 8 bedrooms, bath; excellent domestic offices.

ENTRANCE LODGE. STABLING. GARAGE.

Beautiful avenue drive and OLD-WORLD GROUNDS; finely timbered, paddock, old orchard, in all about

6 ACRES.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN, £2,000.

Splendid water, modern drainage; telephone. Illustrated particulars on application. Very strongly recommended.

BARGAIN OF THE YEAR, £8,000.

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM (1 hour from town; high up; glorious views).—Picturesque OLD SUSSEX HOUSE. Lounge hall, music room, 4 handsome reception, oak panelled billiard, 2 bath, 13 bed and dressing-rooms; radiators; acetylene gas; telephone. BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS. Long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; 5 cottages; stabling, garage; modern farm buildings and finely-timbered park.

200 ACRES. BOUNDED BY A RIVER.

15 miles from Brighton. Between Hayward's Heath and Lewes.

For Sale at a Bargain Price.

A CHARMING AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; hot-water radiators, petrol gas; good stabling, motor garage.

LOVELY OLD GROUNDS WITH ORNAMENTAL LAKE;

wide spreading lawns, pergolas, kitchen gardens, Japanese garden, etc., and well-timbered pasture-land, 5 ACRES.

An appeal to PATRIOTISM

Will YOU answer it?

Support the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund. Contributions should be forwarded to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace

Continental tyres are made in Germany by the enemy. Their purchase here assists him, while the use of any foreign tyre diminishes employment for British workpeople.

British-made

DUNLOPS

are far superior in quality, and can be supplied in unlimited quantities at usual prices.

Fit them to your motors and cycles and help to keep the flag flying.

By appointment motor tyre manufacturers to H.M. King George V.

What is YOUR answer?

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY, Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

DUNLOP SOLID TYRES FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

"THE BELL" AT LLOYD'S MOTOR CAR POLICIES

"'The Bell' Policies are particularly free from vexatious clauses and are explained in language that any intelligent person can correctly interpret."

Westminster Gazette, 27/5/13.

"THE BELL" ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION

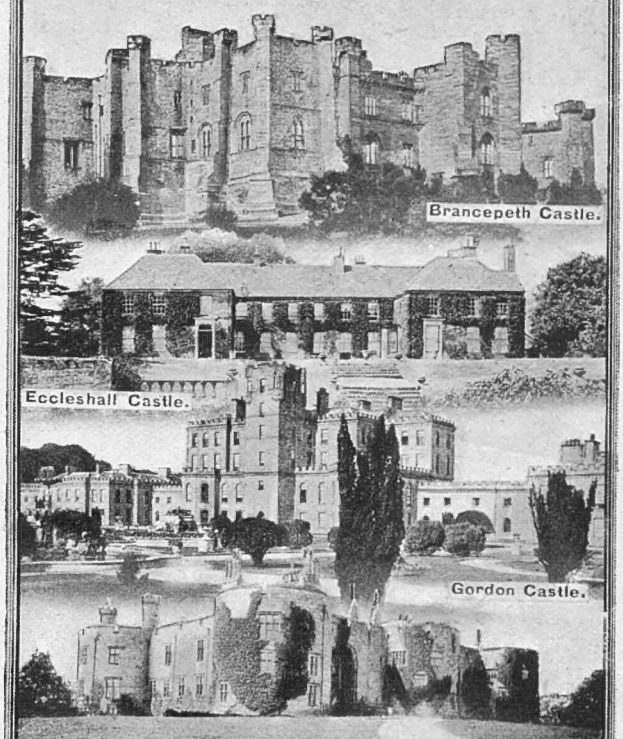
HEAD OFFICE: 34 CLEMENTS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

WEST END OFFICE: TRAFALGAR HOUSE, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

SCOTLAND: 144, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

Please mention "The Bystander" when making enquiries.

COUNTRY HOUSE LIGHTING



WELL-KNOWN RESIDENCES AT WHICH Complete Electric Light Installations have been fitted by

DRAKE & GORHAM LIMITED

Equal care and attention given to smaller houses.

66, VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.

Also at Manchester and Glasgow.

The Awakening of the Shopping World

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Voluminous Wraps

IT was a foregone conclusion that at the first hint of the war leaning in favour of the Allies the spirit of the shopping world would revive in England. And the expected has happened. Also, it is a merely common-sense view that the oncoming colder months would exact suitable wearing apparel.

At the Oxford Street house of Peter Robinson, where the grasp of things is necessarily large, and well in advance, a representative consignment of Paris model coats and mantles is already to be found. And the moment seems apropos to mention, what is an open secret in the trade, that the much-vaunted German and Austrian tailoring trade has really been captured by England for several years. Factories have been quietly building up on every side, while large important emporiums, such as Peter Robinson's, have been spreading their tentacles in the guise of yearly increasing workroom facilities. "Made in our own workrooms by British workpeople" will be the motto in the near future, and it will be balm to the hearts of those who are—to use the descriptive colloquialism—fed-up with that other, "Made in Germany." To Paris we look, and shall always look, for inspiration. And from the gay but momentarily distraught city comes the decree as to the voluminosity of the season's coats.

A Fabric that is Wholly English

In the adjoining illustration there is afforded a typical example of the approved style of wrap, half coat, half cape, that has been evolved from the circular cape—a change indeed from the slim lines of the past few years, and of an elegance few will discount. The actual model sketched was fashioned of seal plush, trimmed with sable Kolinski, and came direct from P[illegible] But the seal plush, mark travelled [illegible] the first instance [illegible]nufactory of [illegible]rom that [illegible]e, of [illegible]ge proportion of the world's [illegible]ushes, together with those [illegible]on broadtail, pony-skin, and the like. These last are only clever elaborations of plush, and have received to the full the approved sanction of Paris.

Another model on view at Oxford Street is expressed in mohair broadtail, the back cut to fall into regular flutes, while the fronts are just two wide square stole ends that are worn crossed. This is trimmed with skunk-dyed opossum, and is lined with a rich shade of tangerine orange satin. The lightness of weight, too, is a significant feature, and points clearly to the reciprocity prevailing between those who ordain the vogues and the manufacturers. In view of the oncoming voluminosity, the latter have obviously made a study of, and overcome, the defect of heaviness that first marked these particular weaves.

EVOLVED FROM THE CIRCULAR CAPE

A typical example of the approved style of wrap—half coat, half cape

SKETCHED AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET, BY DOROTHY MILLAR

At the extremely moderate price of 4½ guineas, Peter Robinson have brought out a full-length pony cloth coat, finished with a handsome black fur collar. This is of less amplitude, and represents the really practical wrap for useful every day service. It is, with another similar model, at 3½ guineas, made in the firm's own workrooms.

Things to Know About British Manufactured Goods

With the clouds of prejudice rolling away on every side under the great war pressure, and patriotism generally at fever heat, a still small voice is at last making itself heard as to what our isles can produce. The superiority of certain goods is too well-known to need repetition. As, for example, friezes and tweeds and serges. We cannot make Lyons silks, since in the production of that the peculiar character of the two rivers is an important factor. There are other qualities of silk, however, that we can and do make to perfection. Macclesfield, a small township in Cheshire, had at one time the sole monopoly of the trade for providing the black silk squares worn by our A.B. sailors. It vanished, however, probably to Germany. Then it will probably be news to a large number that England is now turning out a quantity

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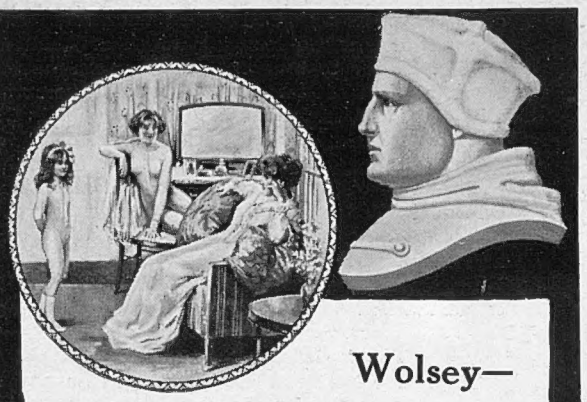

Wolsey—

Made in Britain—by Britons!

Choose Wolsey, and you not only secure the world's best value underwear—(underwear that is **always** all pure wool, **always** the final word in comfort, **always** guaranteed against shrinkage)—you incidentally ensure full employment for an odd thousand or so of your fellow countrymen and countrywomen.

There is no underwear made that can better protect you against the danger of chills or over-heating or swiftly-varying temperatures—or that will so surely win your lasting satisfaction.

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

For Ladies, Men, and Children. "Wolsey-de-Luxe" Combinations for Ladies are the perfection of Underwear luxury and comfort. Be sure to see the Head Trade Mark when purchasing.

Wolsey Underwear replaced free if it shrinks.

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

For Work or Play

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

The All-British Shirting

Sportsmen have long recognised the claims of "Viyella" as the ideal shirting, and its health and service value are in even greater demand now that England has ceased from play for work and war.

Exceedingly durable, soft and light yet warm, refined in appearance, chill-preventing, and unshrinkable, "Viyella" has all the practical qualities which constitute real economy.

Ready-to-wear "Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas, with the manufacturers' guarantee of replacement should they shrink, and embodying finest tailor-cut and finish, can be obtained from any good-class outfitter, but if you prefer to have your shirts made to measure, insist on "Viyella."

If any difficulty is experienced, please write:
WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ld. (wholesale only),
3a, Viyella House,
Newgate St., London, E.C.

'THE MILK of MERIT'

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

IN PLACE OF FRESH MILK

Have you tried a can of

IDEAL MILK

—fresh milk concentrated to the consistency of cream, and no sugar added —with your porridge, in your coffee, etc.?

It is a most delicious addition and is entirely free from Preservatives. In Sterilised Cans.

Diluted with water it is suitable for all uses of ordinary milk. "Ideal Milk and Soda Water" is the latest. TRY IT.

Of all Grocers and Stores. If unprocurable, send a Postcard to the Proprietors: **NESTLÉ & ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK Co., 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.**

(Late the Elite Co.)
Paris House, Rue de la Paix.

Madame Elise

The Siege of Paris

Owing to the existing state of affairs in Paris it has been necessary for us to convey the whole of our stock of New Models to our London House. These models comprise exclusive designs prepared for the coming season, and include

BEAUTIFUL MODEL GOWNS

which we are offering at absurdly low prices to meet the present Crisis.

Charming Model Costumes from 4gs.

In the Newest Creations.

Exquisite Fu
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OVER 82, 84, 86, & 88, VIC

of ninon and crêpe de Chines, the quality needless to say comparable to any—since the production of shoddy has never been our weakness—and what is still more important in these days also the price.

One of the biggest blots on our trade escutcheon is the loss of the lace trade, and in some large degree that of hosiery. The Midland towns chiefly responsible for these two productions, have here their opportunity. Will they seize it?

Satisfactory Progress

At their premises at Clapham, close to Clapham Road Station (7 minutes by train from Victoria on the L.B. and S.C.R.) extensive alterations and improvements are being carried out by Messrs. Williamson and Cole, Ltd., notwithstanding the exceptionally unsettled state of trade generally, owing to the war. The latest addition to their premises comprises a spacious carpet floor, and on view here they have every variety of carpets, including the newest and choicest productions from the British loom. The adjoining premises are under constructional alteration, and when completed will be opened as high-class furniture galleries. Messrs. Williamson and Cole's furnishings have always struck such a highly distinguished note that we may rely upon their furniture being maintained at a corresponding standard.

A Loyal Borough

In commemoration of the visit of Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary, the mace illustrated on this page was presented to the Mayor, Alderman, and burgesses of the County Borough of Wallasey by Mr. Sidney S. Dawson, an alderman of the borough. It is of silver, ornamented with mercurial gilt, and is 46½in. in length. The design is in the style of the Renaissance, the whole of the surface decoration being executed in *repoussé*, to the entire exclusion of enamel work. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W., who were entrusted with the designing and making of this mace, have carried out the work with their accustomed good taste and skilful craftsmanship.

Silver Mace

Presented to the Borough of Wallasey by Alderman S. S. Dawson

The "Cavalry" Card Game

This game has been brought out at an appropriate time by the International Card Company, of 96, Leadenhall Street, E.C., sole agents of De La Rue's card games. The "suits" are brigades, and the cards regiments of British cavalry, and the object of each player is to get as many complete brigades into his hand as he can. The player who first achieves four brigades, making a cavalry division, wins the game. Apart from the amusement it gives, the game should serve a useful purpose in familiarising our young people with the names and numbers of the various cavalry regiments.

To Soothe Our Wounded Soldiers

Messrs. Major Drapkin and Co. have laid 100,000 cigarettes aside for the consumption of wounded soldiers in the hospitals. This was arranged with the Red Cross Society, and the cigarettes are supplied duty paid in parcels to whatever hospitals need them. Scots Greys' brand are supplied for the officers and Crayol for the men.

The Menu: Easily Made Soups

EVERYBODY knows how a French cook turns out a "soupe maigre" with very little stock, or even with water, a few vegetables, a little butter, and an egg. For instance, carrot soup may be made either with or without stock. In the latter case the French cook would supplement the maigre ingredients by adding cream, but just now when nearly everyone is aiming at economy in the home, milk must serve instead of cream. The following soups will be found useful for a family.

Vegetable Soup

Wash and trim one leek, one onion, and a quarter of a small cabbage, cut all into thin slices, add 1½ lb. of potatoes. Put all the vegetables in a large stewpan with 2 oz. of butter, and stir over the fire for some minutes. Moisten with three or four pints of water, and leave to simmer for about an hour; season to taste with white pepper and salt, and rub all through a colander. Boil up, and add one pint of milk to the soup. Let all come to the boil, skim, and stir in one heaped-up tablespoonful of crushed tapioca or sago, and simmer for another ten minutes. Stir occasionally. Fried bread cut in dice should be served with the soup.

Carrot Soup

Wash and scrape six large carrots, and grate them finely; next wash 2 oz. of rice, parboil it, and put it into a saucepan with two quarts of stock or water, the prepared carrots and two small onions, peeled and sliced. Boil up, skim, stir, and cook gently till tender, then rub all through a sieve. Return the soup to the stewpan, season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Add half a pint of milk, stir over the fire until it is thoroughly hot, and serve.

Vegetable Marrow Soup

Peel two vegetable marrows, remove the seeds, cut them in small pieces, and stew them with a Spanish onion, cut up fine, in a pint of stock or water, till tender, adding pepper and salt. When soft, pulp through a sieve, take two pints of this pulp, and add to it one pint of milk, boil them together for half an hour. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 1 oz. of flour, stir till it is well blended, add this to the soup; let the whole boil up, and serve—if too thick add more milk. Serve with dice of bread fried in a little butter.

Tomato Soup

One dozen tomatoes, 2 oz. of butter, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of flour. Stew the tomatoes for twenty minutes in a very little water, and strain through a colander. Rub the flour in the butter, and thicken the juice, stirring till it boils. Take it from the fire, and stir into it the milk; add pepper and salt. Heat thoroughly, but do not let it boil.

Mulligatawny Soup

For this soup any stock, whether from meat, bones, or fish may be used, or if none is at hand use water flavoured with meat essence, or some of Edwards' desiccated soup powder. Cut a large onion into thin rings, and chop it finely, grate an apple, dissolve 2 oz. of butter in a saucepan, fry the onion in it, also three cloves, add one tablespoonful of curry-powder, and the same of flour, then stir in three pints of stock and the grated apple, let all boil for twenty minutes, season with salt and lemon-juice, and either serve with boiled rice or boil about a tablespoonful in the soup. A dessertspoonful of condensed milk stirred in just before serving is a great improvement.

Lentil Soup

Three pints of water, a breakfast-cupful of split lentils which have been soaked overnight, one Spanish onion, a little salt and white pepper. Simmer gently for three hours, then pulp the lentils and onion through a colander, put in about 1 oz. of butter, a little cayenne pepper, and simmer again for one hour. Serve with fried dice of bread.

EMILIA